YOU ARE LOOKING AT BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST COMIC!

7d

SMASH!

No. 37
15th OCT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

POW! IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY...

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

IT'S BACKS TO THE WALL FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO—JAMMED IN A PASSAGE BY THE JOKER'S TWO-TON BALL. BUT...

THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, I TELL YOU! I CAN HEAR THEM!

CHEER UP, BOSS JOKER--

-- HOW LONG CAN DYNAMIC DUO LAST WITH TWO-TON SOLID CHROME-STEEL BALL SITTING ON UM?

YOU'RE RIGHT, LAUGHING GIRL! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES!! HAHAHAHA!

THE LIQUID OXYGEN HAS LOWERED THE TEMPERATURE OF THE STEEL TO MINUS 100 DEGREES CENTIGRADE!

THAT'S GREAT! SO NOW WE'LL BE CRUSHED BY A NICE COLD STEEL BALL!

SO THE LIQUID OXYGEN HAS MADE THE STEEL BALL INCREDIBLY COLD! HOW DOES THAT HELP??

THINK, ROBIN!

BOB KANE

I'VE GOT IT! IF IT'S COLD--MAYBE IT'S ALSO BRITTLE!

EXACTLY!

HOW CAN THEY STILL BE ALIVE--WITH TWO TONS OF SOLID STEEL PRESSING IN ON THEM?!?

ME GOT HUNCH MAYBE THEY OUTFOX YOU, BOSS JOKER!

FLIP THE PAGE — FAST!

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FREE! THIS HULK SWEATSHIRT...

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED IN SMASH!

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IF THE LIQUID OXYGEN HAS FROZEN THE STEEL BALL AND MADE IT BRITTLE--
--WE CAN KICK IT WITH THE METAL SOLES OF OUR SHOES!
IT'LL TAKE OUR LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH--
--SO IF IT DOESN'T WORK, WE'RE GONERS! I'M READY, BATMAN!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
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I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
ME BELIEVE UM! ME GOT HUNCH ME GO TO LUNCH!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, JOKER!
NOT A CHANCE, BOY WONDER!
I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME, YOU CROOK!
OOF!
NO NEED MASSACRE, BATCHIEF! ME GO QUIET!
WELL! I SHOULD HOPE SO!
WHAT'S A NICE INDIAN GIRL LIKE YOU DOING MIXED UP WITH A CROOK LIKE JOKER?
YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO YOUR NOBLE REDSKIN ANCESTORS!
YOU GUYS BARMY OR SOMETHING?
I'M NO INDIAN! I'M BERTHA SCHULTZ FROM BROOKLYN! I WORE THIS RIG IN THE CHORUS-LINE OF A MUSICAL SHOW--
--AND I LOOKED SO CUTE IN IT, I COULDN'T BEAR TO GIVE IT UP!
WELL, THAT'S SHOW BIZ, I GUESS!
GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY...
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REHABILITATE JOKER, WARDEN CRICHTON.
PERHAPS NOT, BUT I HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR BERTHA SCHULTZ, ALIAS LAUGHING GIRL...
BOB KANE
ALTHOUGH SHE'S NOT REALLY AN INDIAN, SHE IS DOING REMARKABLY WELL IN OUR BASKET-WEAVING SHOP!
SO PERHAPS ENVIRONMENT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HEREDITY AFTER ALL, CHUM!
IT SURE MAKES YOU THINK, BATMAN!
COME BACK BATTING NEXT TUESDAY-WHEN A MALIGN MARITIME MISCREANT MENACES THE MATCHLESS MATES!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY BEING A POSTMAN, GROGGINS. YOU CAN DELIVER THE LETTERS IN QUAGMIRE STREET!

HEAD SORTER

G.P.O.

ERK! THAT'S BAD PENNY'S ROAD! THE POOR GUY!

Sorting Office

YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL. SHE'S THE REASON I'M ALL BANDAGED UP — SHE EATS POSTMEN!

G.P.O.

THANKS FOR THE WARNING! I'LL GO PREPARED!

WHEN THE POSTMAN PUSHES THE GATE OPEN, THE STRING WILL PULL THE PAN OF MUD ON TO HIS HEAD! HAR! HAR!

♫ PWEET! ♫

G.P.O.

PENNY MUST BE POTTY IF SHE THINKS I CAN'T SEE HER BOOBY TRAP! LUCKY I'VE GOT THIS LONG PARCEL!

G.P.O.

HELLO! IT'S A NEW POSTMAN!

SPLUDGE!

POKE!

THAT'LL SHOW HER I MEAN BUSINESS!

G.P.O.

I THUPPOSE HE THINKS THAT THUNNY!

NEXT DAY...

PHEW! THIS IS HEAVY! WHO'D WANT TO SEND ANYTHING AS BIG AS THIS TO THAT NASTY GIRL?

To BAD PENNY

SNIGGER!

I HEARD THAT SNIGGER! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE!

PHEW!

SMELLY DITCH!

PONG!

NIFF!

WILT!

?

HEAVE HO!

IF SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING FISHY, I'D BETTER GIVE HER TO THE FISH!

SPA-LOSH!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!

BAH! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU YET, WISE GUY!

AND NEXT DAY...

I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS! GET 'IM, FLUFFY!

HISSss!

GRRRR! SNARL! WOOF!

G.P.O.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HEY! YOW! HELP! THAT MANGY PUSS IS CLAWING ME!
G.P.O.
PSSSS!
DAD'S GARDEN SHED
HA! HA! CAUGHT YOU AGAIN, PENNY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP? I'M TOO CLEVER FOR YOU!
SPIT! SNARL!
BAH! NONE OF MY FANCY TRICKS HAVE WORKED ON YOU! I GIVE UP!
G.P.O.
TWO DAYS LATER...
TE TUM TE TOE TE TUM TE DE!
G.P.O.
NO SIGN OF PENNY FOR TWO DAYS! I GUESS SHE'S GIVEN UP TRYING TO TRICK ME!
G.P.O.
GLUB!
SNIGGER!
G.P.O.
SOB! I'VE FAILED! I'VE BEEN CAUGHT BY THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK!
HAR! HAR! THE OLD TRICKS ARE THE BEST!
G.P.O.
SQUELCH!
DANGER MOUSE
I'M GOING TO GET YOU RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, DANGER MOUSE!
WHOOSH!
PLOP!
NOT QUITE, TATTY CATTY!
MY DART IS STUCK TIGHT— RUFF! BAH! I'LL GET YOU YET, DANGER MOUSE!
TUG!
PULL!
WHISTLE!
THE DART WAS STUCK TIGHT— BUT THE PLANK WAS LOOSE!
CRUNCH!
AAAGH!
LATER...
YOU'RE FOR IT THIS TIME, ALL RIGHT!
MILK
WHOOSH!
PLOP!
TUT, TUT, MISSED AGAIN!
TUG!
MILK
PULL!
COO! IT'S STUCK FAST! GO ON, PULL HARDER—YOU'LL GET IT OFF!
MILK
UGG!
SPLOSH!
FANCY A CAT CRYING OVER SPILT MILK! TUT! TUT! TUT!

WRITE TO: *ALF & COS, SMASH!, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.*

HERE'S a funny thing. We get letter after letter which begins something like this: "Dear Alf and Cos, I expect I am the only girl who reads and enjoys your paper, because it's only for boys etc., etc." Well, if you're a girl and you're thinking the same sort of thoughts, forget them! We got SMASH going because we felt that comics in general needed a good kick up the cover. So SMASH isn't just for boys—it's for the new breed of comic fans who've been growing up while all the Brand X's have been busy going through their dusty collections of old copies. So—boy or girl—if you like us, we like you. And as for our boy readers—sensible switched-on Smashers that they are—they've got nothing against girls either! Why—one enterprising lad-after-our-own-hearts even wants to know if Cos is a girl! Proof now follows.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I read Smash every week, and wonder how Alf and Cos got their names, and if Cos is feminine and beautiful, would you please send me a picture of her.
P.S. Don't get jealous Alf, we are only fellow Smashers.

Yours Smashingly,
J. C. Parley,
Sheffield 11.

Sorry to disappoint you, J.C.—but Cos is male, and he's got hairy legs to prove it.
Alf.

Dear Smash,
I'm writing on behalf of a boy who at the moment is in The Seabathing Hospital in Margate. He is a great fan of your comic, especially Batman, Bad Penny and Charlie's Choice, also Hulk. He also likes Percy's Pets and Ronnie Rich.
His name is Glenn Foad and he is eight and he's to be in hospital for a year.
I hope this will be printed in your comic as it would certainly cheer him up a great deal.

D. P. Moyes,
Whitstable, Kent.

We ask all our readers to give a little wish that Glenn gets strong. If enough of us do it at exactly the same time, who knows what we might bring about. So let us all make that wish at 12 noon on Wednesday, October the Twelfth.
Alf and Cos.

SMASH(ing) RHYME

Smashdays here again at last,
It's really great, it's unsurpassed.
To see the *Hulk*, so broad and grim,
With muscles bulging in every limb.
Then there's the *Nervs* inside of Fatty,
I laugh so much it drives me "batty".
The *Legend Testers* is fab science fiction,
The Smash with me has become an addiction.
Then there's the crime fighters *Batman and Robin*,
Their escapades sets my heart throbbin'.
Bad Penny is o.k. for a good old chuckle,
I'm laughing so hard, I've burst my belt buckle.
The *Queen of the Seas*, which is on the back page,
Is the greatest nautical laugh of the age,
The *Fantastic Four* which started this week,
Seems to be "just fab", so to speak.
Ronnie Rich is trying—his money to lose.
Why not give it to me? I won't refuse.
Or *Grimly Feendish*, living in drudgery,
Give some to him for plastic surgery.
Charlie (*Charlie's Choice*) has a great T.V. set,
I've tried it with mine, but had no results yet.
As for *Rubber Man* and *Percy's Pets*,
Well, I've laughed so much my eyes are all wet.
To sum up your comic, it's really first class.
Much better than a dose of laughing gas.

Ian Stewart,
Templehall, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire.

When we get samples of talent like yours, Ian, it makes us wonder whether we should retire gracefully from the scene and let our gifted readers write the paper.
But we think your poem would have been better than it was
If you had mentioned Alf and Cos.

That's all for this week frantic ones. Hurry!.. Hurry!.. Hurry!.. if you want a HULK sweatshirt! Because, as you know, we only started with a hundred and supplies are running out. We'll have a count-up and let you know next week how many are left. In the meantime, Stand straight! Smile!—and pity all those poor deprived ones who have never seen a copy of SMASH! It isn't really their fault. It's just that it takes some people longer than others to get smart!

Amaze your friends with the NEW

ANGLO HULA-BALL

Send for your complete Hula-Ball set today! The beautifully finished plastic hoop is 17" across with a strong handle grip and two Hula balls. Hop on the happy Hula-Ball band wagon—everyone in your school will soon be doing it.

Start with one . . . Try it with two . . . Do anything you want it to do

Post the coupon with 3 ANGLO wrappers—one from Anglo BUBBLY—one from TIP TOP and one from either PEAK or BLACK CAT together with your postal order for 6/11 (don't send cash.)

HURRY! Collect your wrappers TODAY

TO ANGLO OFFER, C/O C.M.S. LTD., 71 ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C. COMPS.

Please send me my own Hula-Ball post free. I enclose a postal order for 6/11, made payable to C.M.S. Ltd., plus one wrapper from Bubbly, one from Tip Top and one from either Peak or Black Cat.

NAME _____ (Block Capitals)

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

TOWN _____ COUNTY _____

P.2

THE RUBBERMAN!

THE SCENE IS SET IN A REMOTE COASTAL REGION OF CANADA. SIX FRIGHTENED MEN ARE FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES...

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF FUEL! THE TANK MUST HAVE BEEN PUNCTURED!

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE TO THE WOODS!

BUT THE TERROR FROM WHICH THEY ARE SO DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE CATCHES UP WITH THEM...

IT'S THEM!

WE HAVE THEM TRAPPED, MASTER!

THE SIX HUNTED MEN TURN THEIR EYES TO THE BLUE SKY ABOVE THEM...

THEY DO NOT SHOOT US! THAT MEANS...

...THAT DEATH WILL STRIKE AT US - FROM UP THERE!

SECONDS LATER...

GOOD GRIEF! WHERE DID THIS COME FROM? A MOMENT AGO THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!

THEN TORRENTIAL RAIN HITS THE AIRLINER LIKE A MILLION BATTERING RAMS...

WE'LL BE BATTERED OUT OF THE SKY!

I'VE LOST CONTROL... I CAN'T... AAAAHHHH!

HANGING ON TO HIS REELING SENSES, THE CO-PILOT CRAWLS BACK TO THE CONTROLS...

MUST... TRY TO... CRASH-LAND! BEFORE I... BLACK OUT...!

DONE IT!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A TERRIFIED PASSENGER LEAPS FROM THE EMERGENCY EXIT...

COME ON, EVERYBODY! GET CLEAR!

THERE'S NO DANGER, SIR! DON'T!

THEN...

I'M SINKING! HELP! SAVE ME!

ANOTHER LIFE IS SAVED BY THE FANTASTIC POWERS OF - RUBBERMAN!

NEXT TIME - LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, MY FRIEND!

WE'LL EVACUATE THE PLANE FROM THE OTHER SIDE, RUBBERMAN. IT'S INCREDIBLE - BUT THE GROUND APPEARS DRY ON THAT SIDE!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. NOW THERE'S NOT EVEN A TRACE OF THAT STORM!

THE RADIO'S ON THE BLINK, RUBBERMAN. SOMEHOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS DESOLATE WILDERNESS!

LOOK!

COME!

A RESCUE TEAM! THEY'RE GOING TO DRIVE US BACK TO CIVILISATION!

THE TWO GRIM-FACED MEN POINT TO THE TRUCKS...

THERE IS FOOD INSIDE. GO THAT WAY! IN TWO DAYS YOU REACH BIG TOWN!

DO AS YOU WISH WITH THE TRUCKS. WE DO NOT WANT THEM BACK! GO NOW!

RUBBERMAN WALKS AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...

IT'S ALL LIKE SOME GHASTLY DREAM. BUT THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION. THERE MUST BE...

LET'S GET GOING! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE - THAT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO RUBBERMAN? I CAN'T SEE HIM!

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE MUST ASSUME RUBBERMAN FELL INTO SOME OF THAT FEARFUL MUD. THAT HE HAS BEEN DROWNED!

THEY ARE GOING!

?

WHEN THE TRUCKS HAVE DISAPPEARED...

I CAN EASILY CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS. BUT I PREFERRED TO WAIT AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. SO START TALKING!

OH, NO! NO!

A... A GUARDIAN! WE ARE DOOMED!

IT'S MORE LIKE A FISH THAN A MAN. AND HE'S GOING TO START SHOOTING!

WHAT IS THIS SUPERNATURAL CREATURE THAT SENDS SUCH SHEER HORROR INTO MEN'S HEARTS! YOU'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS DREADFUL 'GUARDIAN' NEXT TUESDAY — WHEN HE AND THE AMAZING RUBBERMAN CLASH HEAD-ON!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

GOSH! THERE'S A SMASHING FILM ON THIS WEEK— JIM SOFTIE OF WELLS FARGO! BUT I'M FLAT BROKE!

THIS WEEK!

GUNFIGHT AT THE ALL-RIGHT CORRALE!

Starring JIM SOFTIE

I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO WATCH MY TELLY!

GOLLY! IT'S MRS THURSDAY! SHE'S LOADED! MAYBE SHE'LL LEND ME MONEY FOR THE PICTURES!

LEND'S A COUPLE OF BOB, MRS T! I'M BROKE!

SURE, CHARLIE! HERE YOU ARE, LAD! CATCH!

BAH! THAT'S NO USE! IT'S PLASTIC STAGE MONEY! MRS T'S A PLASTIC LOLLY MILLIONAIRESS!

AND SO...

I KNOW HOW MY TELLY CAN MAKE ME SOME MONEY!

GRAND TELLYVISION SHOW! only 1d

PAY HEER!

ROLL UP, KIDS! THE BEST PENNYWORTH IN TOWN! ALL THE FUN OF THE TELLY!

GOOD OLD CHARLIE! HERE YOU ARE!

COO! IT'S AN OLD LAUREL AND HARDY FILM! THAT SHOULD KEEP 'EM HAPPY!

COO! THEY'RE A RIGHT LAUGH, THESE TWO!

OH, NO! THEY'VE STARTED THROWING CUSTARD PIES AT EACH OTHER!

NO, NO! STOP, YOU CLOTS! STOP!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS GREAT FUN! I'M FED UP THROWING PIES AT THAT SKINNY TWERP!

ULP!

HELP!

AAGH!

GLUB!

FUNNY GUY!

WE'RE TAKING BACK OUR MONEY!

WHAT A LIFE! I'M FLAT BROKE AGAIN!

ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!

LEND ME A COUPLE OF BOB TILL FRIDAY, MUM?

YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN IT. I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

THERE YOU ARE! YOU CAN WASH THAT LOT FOR ME

OH, NO!

I OUGHT TO GET A FIVER FOR DOING THIS LOT! I CAN ALWAYS WATCH THE TELLY WHILE I'M DOING IT, I SUPPOSE!

FOAMO

HUH! NOT MY DAY! IT'S THE COMMERCIALS!

HELLO, SONNY! DO I SEE YOU USING FRED'S FOAMO?

YEAH! SO WHAT?

WE'RE GIVING A POUND TO EVERY-ONE WE FIND USING FRED'S FOAMO! HERE YOU ARE, SONNY!

YEOW! A WHOLE POUND!

YAHOO! TO THE PICS! NO NEED TO DO THAT HEAP OF DISHES!

GOOD OLD TELLY! THE BEST SEATS AND SWEETS GALORE! HO! HO! I'D LOVE TO SEE MUM'S FACE NOW!

THE AVENGERS

ALSO IN THIS SENSATIONAL STORY... SUB-MARINER

WHAT MORE CAN WE OFFER! SO LET'S BEGIN AT THE STARTLING MOMENT WHEN THE WASP RECOGNIZES THE FROZEN, LIFELESS GIANT THE AVENGERS HAVE DRAGGED INTO THEIR UNDERSEA CRAFT...

THE REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA LIVES AGAIN!

WAIT! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT?? IT'S THE FAMOUS RED, WHITE, AND BLUE GARB OF--CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THE WASP IS RIGHT!

CAN THIS REALLY BE THE FAMOUS SHIELD OF THE ONCE-MIGHTY CRIME-FIGHTER?

AND HIS FACE MASK --WITH THE PROUD LETTER "A" ON IT! IT MUST BE HIM!

ALL OF YOU--LISTEN! HE ISN'T DEAD! HE'S BREATHING! HIS EYES--THEY'RE FLICKERING!

SUDDENLY, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING CRY, THE POWERFUL FIGURE SPRINGS UPWARD --WITH AGONIZING SHOCK REFLECTED IN HIS EYES!

BUCKY--BUCKY! LOOK OUT!

YOU CAN'T KILL HIM! YOU CAN'T KILL BUCKY! I WON'T LET YOU! I'LL SMASH YOU ALL!

THOR! IRON MAN! STOP HIM! HE'S GONE MAD!

BUT, AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED, THE LEGENDARY HERO'S WRATH SUBSIDES, AND THEN...

IT'S USELESS! I REMEMBER NOW! HE IS DEAD--HE IS! AND NOTHING ON EARTH CAN CHANGE THAT!

AND THEN, AS REALIZATION DAWNS, THE HANDSOME HEAD SLOWLY TURNS...THE CLEAR BLUE EYES TAKE IN THE AWESOME FIGURES SURROUNDING HIM...

WHERE AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? WHO ARE YOU??

THAT'S WHAT WE WERE ABOUT TO ASK YOU!

WHO AM I??

FOR A MOMENT, I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN MYSELF!

BUT I AM NOT LUCKY ENOUGH TO FORGET FOREVER!

--TO FORGET THAT I WAS ONCE THE MAN THE WORLD CALLED--CAPTAIN AMERICA!

EVERYTHING FITS, EXCEPT ONE DETAIL! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE THE SECOND WORLD WAR! WHY HAVEN'T YOU AGED??

I TOO HAVE PUZZLED OVER THAT FACT! HOW CAN THE TRUE CAPTAIN AMERICA STILL BE AS YOUNG AS HE WHO STANDS BEFORE US??

IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK, MISTER--YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT!

I'VE NO NEED OF TRICKS! TEST ME! TRY TO CONQUER ME!

LOOK HOW HE MANAGED TO DODGE YOUR RICHOCHETING HAMMER, THOR!

STAND BACK! I'LL GET HIM!

YOU ARE BIG, MY FRIEND --BUT IN MY DAY I FOUGHT OTHERS WHO WERE STILL BIGGER!

AND I DEFEATED THEM--JUST AS I SHALL DEFEAT YOU!

HEY! HE'S A REAL BALL OF FIRE!

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT! I'LL TAKE A GROWTH CAPSULE, FAST!

STOP! COME NO FURTHER, UNLESS YOU WANT TO STRIKE OUT AT ME, TOO!

A GIRL! BUT--FROM WHERE--??

HAVING HALTED HIS FURIOUS ATTACK, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FIGHTING MOOD SEEMS TO PASS, AS A VEIL OF SADNESS COMES OVER HIS EYES...

WE'RE CONVINCED, FELLOW! YOU'RE THE REAL McCOY, ALL RIGHT!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?? AND--WHY HAVEN'T YOU AGED??

I FEEL WE ARE ENTITLED TO THAT EXPLANATION, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

SLOWLY, ALMOST HALTINGLY, THE INCREDIBLE TALE BEGINS TO ISSUE FORTH FROM THE LIPS OF THE MIGHTY MAN WITH THE TRAGEDY-HAUNTED EYES...

IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY--BUT IT WAS MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO THAT MY TEEN-AGE PAL, BUCKY--AND I--WHILE ACTING AS SECURITY GUARDS AT AN E.T.O.* ARMY BASE--TRIED TO STOP AN EXPLOSIVE-FILLED DRONE PLANE FROM TAKING TO THE AIR!

WE'RE TOO LATE, BUCKY! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER IT IN ANOTHER PLANE!

NO! DON'T STOP! I THINK I CAN REACH IT, CAP!

HAH! THUS DO I TRIUMPH OVER CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! IF THEY REACH THE PLANE, THEY DIE! AND IF THEY FAIL, AMERICA LOSES ONE OF ITS NEWEST WEAPONS!

*E.T.O.: EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS.

THE BOY WAS CLOSER--HE REACHED THE PLANE! BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA HIMSELF CANNOT HOLD ON!

CAN'T MAKE IT! DROP OFF INTO THE WATER, LAD! DON'T TRY TO GO IT ALONE!

NO! I CAN BRING THE PLANE BACK --I KNOW I CAN!

BUCKY! LET GO! IT MIGHT BE BOOBY-TRAPPED! YOU CAN'T DEACTIVATE THE BOMB WITHOUT ME! DROP OFF!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP! I SEE THE FUSE! IT'S GONNA BLOW!

"AND THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS THAT BRAVE, WONDERFUL LAD EVER UTTERED... MAY THE LORD REST HIS SOUL!"

BUCKY!! IT EXPLODED! BUCKY'S GONE!

"AS FOR ME, I DIDN'T CARE IF I LIVED OR DIED! I STRUCK THE WATER OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND, AND PLUMMETTED LIKE A ROCK--WITH BUCKY'S FACE ETCHED BEFORE ME! AND THAT IS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER!"

HE'S GONE--AND I--WITH ALL MY POWER--ALL MY STRENGTH--I COULDN'T SAVE HIM!

AS FOR THE REST, BY SOME FANTASTIC STROKE OF FATE, I MUST HAVE BEEN FROZEN IN AN ICE FLOW, AND THEN FOUND BY SOME ESKIMOS WHO THOUGHT I WAS A SUPERNATURAL OBJECT! THEN, ALL THOSE YEARS, BEING IN A STATE OF FROZEN SUSPENDED ANIMATION MUST HAVE PREVENTED ME FROM AGING!

WE BELIEVE YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, AS THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE-CLAD FIGURE RESTS BELOW FROM HIS GRUELLING ORDEAL...

WE HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION! PREPARE FOR MOORING!

SLOW DOWN, GIANT-MAN! I CAN'T MATCH THOSE BIG STRIDES OF YOURS! HMMM, LOOKS LIKE THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS WERE EXPECTING US!

THEY KNOW WE WENT AFTER THE HULK!* THEY EXPECT A BIG STORY!

TOO BAD WE'LL HAVE TO DISAPPOINT THEM! WE HAD A BANG-UP FIGHT, BUT NO REAL RESULTS!

AHH, BUT WAIT TILL THEY LEARN WHO OUR PASSENGER IS, BELOW DECKS!

*SEE LAST WEEK'S FAB ISH OF SMASH.

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THEN SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, AT THAT VERY SPLIT-SECOND, A BLINDING FLASH TAKES PLACE--FAR BRIGHTER THAN ANY ORDINARY FLASH-BULB EXPLOSION SHOULD BE!

AND, AFTER THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED, THE AVENGERS SEEM TO BE GONE--AS IN THEIR PLACE THE CROWD SEES FOUR MOTIONLESS STONE STATUES!

HEY, PETE--LOOK! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?

AW, PROBABLY SOME KINDA TRICK THE AVENGERS USED TO DUCK OUT OF AN INTERVIEW!

BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, THE REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS RUSH OFF--TRYING TO FIND THE AVENGERS... AS THE CROWD DRIFTS AWAY TO NOTHINGNESS...

THAT'S A PRETTY CRUMMY TRICK TO PULL ON US, AFTER US WAITING ALL DAY FOR THIS INTERVIEW!

LET'S GO FIND 'EM! THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOT FAR!

MINUTES LATER, THE LAST OCCUPANT OF THE UNDERSEA CRAFT SLOWLY CLIMBS UP THE HATCHWAY, HAVING BEEN AWAKENED BY THE COMMOTION ABOVE...

BUT, UPON REACHING THE SURFACE, HE FINDS...

EVERYONE'S GONE! THE PIER IS DESERTED! BUT--WHY WOULD THEY DASH OFF WITHOUT ME??

STRANGE... THOSE STATUES MUST BE IN HONOUR OF THE AVENGERS! BUT THEY ARE NOT SCULPTED IN TYPICAL POSES! OH WELL, IT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE! I HAVE A WHOLE NEW WORLD TO REDISCOVER--A WORLD WHICH HAS ADVANCED TWENTY YEARS AHEAD OF ME!

HMMM, THE GIRLS ARE STILL AS LOVELY AS EVER... BUT THE FASHIONS, THE HAIRDOS... HOW DIFFERENT THEY ARE!

SALLY--LOOK! HE RESEMBLES A FIGURE I HEARD MY FATHER TALK ABOUT--A MIGHTY HERO OF YEARS AGO!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT CAN'T BE WHO I THINK IT IS!

OF COURSE! MY OLDER BROTHER TOLD ME ABOUT HIM MANY TIMES--IT WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AND THE NEW YORK SKYLINE--EVER IMPRESSIVE--EVER CHANGING! WHAT CAN THIS MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE BE--WITH ALL THE WORLD'S FLAGS ARRAYED AROUND IT??

HEY! WATCH THE LIGHTS CROSSING THE STREET, MAC!

THE CARS HAVE CHANGED MOST OF ALL--AS THEY ALWAYS DO! WE NEVER HAD SO MANY SMALL ONES IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES!

WAIT! I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE--AWW, NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT I CAN'T BE WRONG! I SAW YOU ONCE, WHEN I WAS A KID! I NEVER FORGOT IT!

NO, OFFICER--YOU'RE NOT MISTAKEN! I AM CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AND ALL THESE YEARS--ALL OF US--YOUR FANS--ALL YOUR ADMIRERS--WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! BUT YOU'VE COME BACK--JUST WHEN THE WORLD HAS NEED OF SUCH A MAN--JUST LIKE FATE PLANNED IT THIS WAY!

FORGIVE ME, CAP, WILLYA? I-I SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE!

LATER, AFTER THE OFFICER HAS DIRECTED CAPTAIN AMERICA TO A NEARBY HOTEL...

I WONDER IF THE YOUNGSTERS OF TODAY, WHO'VE GROWN UP WITH IT, REALIZE WHAT A TRULY WONDERFUL THING TELEVISION IS--TO ONE WHO HAD NEVER SEEN IT!

FINALLY, THE WEARY, LONESOME MAN DROPS OFF TO A FITFUL SLEEP...

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?? CAN'T RETURN TO MY CAREER AS CAPTAIN AMERICA--IT WOULD BE MEANINGLESS WITHOUT BUCKY! I DON'T BELONG IN THIS AGE--IN THIS YEAR--NO PLACE FOR ME--IF ONLY BUCKY WERE HERE--IF ONLY--

THEN, SUDDENLY, HIS SUPER-KEEN SENSES DETECTING A SOFT TREAD IN THE DOORWAY, THE STARTLED BLUE EYES OPEN WIDE, AND...

BUCKY!! IT'S YOU!!

YOU'VE COME BACK!! BUCKY, YOU'VE COME BACK!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE YAPPIN' ABOUT, MISTER! MY NAME'S RICK JONES, AND I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR TRAIL HALFWAY ACROSS TOWN!

THEY TELL ME YOU WERE THE LAST TO SEE THE AVENGERS--AND I GOTTA FIND THEM! SO HOW ABOUT DOIN' A LITTLE TALKIN', HUH?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! YOU'RE LIKE HIS TWIN BROTHER! YOUR VOICE--YOUR FACE--EVERYTHING!! YOU COULD BE BUCKY'S DOUBLE!

LOOK, FELLA, YOU'RE NOT READIN' ME! ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE AVENGERS' DISAPPEARANCE, OR DO YOU WANT ME TO MENTION YOUR NAME TO MY PAL, THE HULK, WHEN I RUN INTO HIM AGAIN??

I DON'T KNOW WHO THE HULK IS, LAD--BUT IF THE AVENGERS ARE MISSING, I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU FIND THEM!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO THROW YOU A CURVE BY CALLING YOU BUCKY! YOU SEE, HE--ONCE WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF MINE--BUT HE'S GONE NOW! I WAS WASTING TIME--MOURNING HIM--BUT YOU'VE SUDDENLY MADE ME REALIZE THAT LIFE GOES ON! IN A WAY, BUCKY CAN STILL LIVE AGAIN!

LOOK, FELLA--AFTER WE FIND THE AVENGERS, I'M SURE THEY CAN RECOMMEND A REAL NICE HEAD SHRINKER FOR YOU!

HE THINKS I'M SOME SORT OF MADMAN! WELL, I'LL PROVE TO HIM THAT I'M NOT!

PICTURES WERE TAKEN OF THE AVENGERS AT THE DOCK! GET GOING! I WANT TO STUDY THEM!

SURE, CAP! RIGHT AWAY!

ALL OF A SUDDEN HE'S CHANGED! HE ACTS LIKE A GUY WHO'S USED TO BEING OBEYED--AND FAST!

MINUTES LATER, IN A DARKROOM BELONGING TO ONE OF RICK'S TEEN-BRIGADE MEMBERS...

THESE NEWS PICTURES SEEM ALRIGHT, BUT I'M NOT SATISFIED! CAN YOU MAKE ENLARGEMENTS?

SURE! THERE'S AN ENLARGER AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

AND SO...

IT'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE!

AH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!

WHAT IS IT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

WAIT-- IT'S GETTING CLEARER! NOW! LOOK!

NO PRESS PHOTOG'S CAMERA EVER LOOKED LIKE THAT--NOT EVEN TWENTY YEARS LATER!

IT--IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA GUN!

IT'S UP TO YOU NOW, SON! IF YOU WANT TO LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AVENGERS, YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THAT MAN IN THE PICTURE!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' MY LANGUAGE, CAP! JUST SIT TIGHT AND WATCH MY SMOKE! I'LL ALERT MY TEEN-BRIGADE, ALL OVER THE CITY...

WITHIN AN HOUR, THE SEARCH IS ON, AS SHARP EYED TEEN-AGERS COVER THE CITY, SEEKING A PASTY-FACED MAN, WEARING OVAL SUN-GLASSES, WITH JET BLACK HAIR! NOT MUCH TO GO ON, PERHAPS, BUT STILL A STARTING POINT FOR THE EAGER BRIGADERS...

THAT'S NOT HIM! HAIR'S NOT BLACK ENOUGH!

THOUGHT I HAD HIM--BUT HE'S MUCH TOO OLD!

WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK, THE ALERT TEEN-BRIGADE TAKES CANDID CAMERA SNAP-SHOTS OF ALL POSSIBLE SUSPECTS, SENDING THEM IMMEDIATELY TO RICK JONES...

THAT GUY'S ANOTHER FALSE ALARM, BUT I'VE GOT A HALF-DOZEN SNAPS TO SEND RICK ANYWAY!

THEN, RACING THROUGH THE CITY LIKE AN AVENGING STREAK, THE NIMBLE, SEEMINGLY TIRELESS CAPTAIN AMERICA FOLLOWS UP EACH LEAD, NO MATTER WHERE IT MAY TAKE HIM...

IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN, BEING IN COSTUME--ON THE TRAIL OF SOME STRANGE, UNKNOWN MENACE!

THIS IS WHAT I WAS MEANT TO DO! THIS IS THE DESTINY I CAN NEVER ESCAPE!

AND THEN, FINALLY...

IT'S HIM! THE ONE WE'RE AFTER!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF FIGHTING FURY CRASH THROUGH THE SHATTERING WINDOW...

BUT, IN HIS EAGERNESS, THE ATTACKING CRIME-FIGHTER HAS FAILED TO NOTICE THE GUNMEN IN THE ADJOINING ROOM--GUNMEN WHO HEAR THE CRASH AND RACE TO THE SCENE, THEIR WEAPONS THUNDERING!!

GET THAT COSTUMED CLOWN, WHO-EVER HE IS!

IT'LL BE A CINCH!

THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE YOU MAY GET ME! BUT "A CINCH"? NEVER!

H-HE SLICED OUR GUNS IN TWO WITH THAT SHIELD OF HIS!

WHO IS HE, ANY-WAY??

I'VE BEEN CALLED MANY THINGS--BUT I'VE COME TO PREFER THE NAME CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I SHOULDA KNOWN! I READ ABOUT HIM WHEN I WAS A KID!

HE MUST BE A PHONY! HE'S TOO YOUNG TO BE THE REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA!

OWWW! THERE'S NO STOPPIN' HIM! HE'S LIKE A WHIRLWIND!

OOOF! IF HE'S A PHONY, I'M LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!

NO ONE CAN PAY US ENOUGH TO FIGHT HIM! KNOCK IT OFF, MASKED MAN--WE GIVE UP!

AND THAT LEAVES YOU, FELLA! YOU'VE GOT THE KEY TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE AVENGERS!

BUT YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THE SECRET!

IT'S UNCANNY! HE MOVES SO FAST, MY RAY CAN'T STRIKE HIM!

THAT "GUN" YOU USED CAME FROM SOME PLACE OTHER THAN EARTH! AND SO, I SUSPECT, DID YOU! NOW TALK--WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

VERY WELL! I SEE THAT FURTHER RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

AFTER YOU HAVE HEARD MY STORY, YOU MAY FEEL PITY FOR ME, INSTEAD OF THAT RAW HATRED WHICH I SEE MIRRORED IN YOUR EYES!

I WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE NOT A HUMAN!

HOLY COW! LOOK WHAT WE'VE BEEN WORKIN' FOR! LEMME OUT OF HERE!

I'VE HAD IT! ME FOR THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW FROM NOW ON!

NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK! THOSE AREN'T STATUES OF THE AVENGERS! THEY ARE THE AVENGERS THEMSELVES, TURNED INTO STONE BY YOU, WHEN YOU USED YOUR RAY ON THEM WHILE POSING AS A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER! ADMIT IT!

YES! YES! YOU'RE RIGHT! UNHAND ME! I CANNOT BEAR PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH PRIMITIVE BEINGS!

"I COME FROM A FAR DISTANT GALAXY! MY NAME WOULD BE MEANING-LESS TO YOU AS EARTH TONGUES CANNOT EVEN PRONOUNCE IT!"

"CENTURIES AGO, DUE TO EN-GINE FAILURE, MY SPACE SHIP CRASHED ON EARTH, IMBEDDING ITSELF DEEP INTO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!"

"I MEANT EARTHLINGS NO HARM! I ROAMED YOUR PLANET, SEEKING SOMEONE TO HELP ME FREE MY SHIP! BUT THOSE I SAW FEARED ME--ATTACKED ME! IN SELF-DEFENSE I USED MY RAY GUN ON THEM, TURNING THEM TO STONE FOR ONE HUNDRED OF YOUR EARTH HOURS!"

BEHOLD! IT IS A MONSTER FROM THE NETHERWORLD! IT MUST BE SLAIN!

NO! I NEED HELP! STAY BACK --PLEASE--DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS! NO!

IT IS BE-WITCHED! ONE LOOK AT IT TURNS MEN TO STONE!

YOUR HAIR--IN THE DARK, YOU MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE A WOMAN TO THEM--AND TURNING MEN TO STONE--THAT MUST BE THE ORIGIN OF THE LEGEND OF MEDUSA! BUT--WHY DID YOU USE YOUR POWER ON THE AVENGERS??

WHO CALLS HIMSELF SUB-MARINER! HE FOUND ME SOME DAYS AGO--TOLD ME HE WOULD FREE MY SHIP FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS IF I WOULD TURN THE AVENGERS TO STONE! I-I HAD TO DO IT!

BECAUSE OF THE ONE

SUB-MARINER! I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT NAME FROM THE DIM PAST! BUT TIME ENOUGH FOR HIM LATER! FIRST, YOU MUST BRING THE AVENGERS BACK TO LIFE--AND WE WILL FREE YOUR SHIP FOR YOU!

IF ONLY YOU MEAN IT! IF ONLY I CAN BELIEVE YOU!

CAPTAIN AMERICA DOES NOT LIE! LET'S GO!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURER BRINGS THE DEFEATED ALIEN TO A WAREHOUSE WHERE THE "STATUES" HAVE BEEN STORED! THEN, FACING THE MOTIONLESS FIGURES, HE DIRECTS HIS RAY AT THEM AGAIN, AFTER FIRST REVERSING THE POLARITY!

IT'S WORKING! THEY'RE TURNING TO NORMAL!

MEANWHILE, FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA, IN HIS NOW-DESERTED IMPERIAL CASTLE, A FURIOUS, FRUSTRATED PRINCE NAMOR OBSERVES THE SCENE ABOVE THROUGH HIS UNDERSEA SCANNER...

MY PLAN HAS FAILED! THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS ROBBED ME OF MY VICTORY!

BUT THIS WILL TEACH ME A LESSON! WHATEVER THE SUB-MARINER MUST DO, HE MUST DO ALONE!

I AM STILL THE MOST POWERFUL MUTANT ON EARTH -- HALF-HUMAN, HALF SEA-CREATURE! MY BRAIN IS AGILE, MY ENERGY INEXHAUSTIBLE! I MUST KEEP STRIKING UNTIL THE AVENGERS ARE DESTROYED!

AND THEN, A FICKLE FATE SEEMS TO SMILE AT NAMOR, AS HE SEES...

A TROOP OF MY ELITE GUARD! THEY HAVE NOT DESERTED ME! THEY ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR ME!

THEY SEE ME -- THEY ARE TURNING! THEY BOW IN LOYAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF MY IMPERIAL PRESENCE! AND NOW -- PRINCE NAMOR IS NO LONGER ALONE!

THE NEXT DAY, THE NERVOUS ALIEN LEADS THE AVENGERS TO A REMOTE, DESERTED ISLE, AND THEN...

IT IS THERE -- DIRECTLY BELOW THIS SPOT, WHERE MY SHIP IS HOPELESSLY BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

NOTHING IS HOPELESS TO THE AVENGERS, PAL! WE'LL FREE IT FOR YOU, SOMEHOW!

I FOUND IT! A HUNDRED FEET BELOW -- ONLY THE TAIL SECTION IS PROTRUDING!

MINUTES LATER...

MY MUSCLES ARE TWICE NORMAL SIZE, CAP, BUT I CAN'T BUDGE IT! WE'VE GOT A JOB ON OUR HANDS!

THE ONE YOU CALL THOR ASKED ME TO POSITION THIS WATER-PROOF CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV CAMERA OVER THE HULL! I'LL RELEASE A BUOY TO HOLD IT IN PLACE!

THE CAMERA IN POSITION, THE AVENGERS SPEND THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON BUILDING A SECURE PLATFORM FOR THE THUNDER GOD TO STAND UPON...

OKAY, THOR! THIS WRAPS IT UP! WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

WELL DONE! NOW STAND BACK, MY FRIENDS! A POWER GREATER THAN ANY OF YOU HAVE EVER WITNESSED IS ABOUT TO BE UNLEASHED UPON THIS SPOT!

AND NOW...

SIGHTING UPON THE ENTRAPPED SPACE SHIP THROUGH HIS TV VIEWER, THE MIGHTY THOR SLOWLY ROTATES HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER OVER THE HULL, DIRECTING AN IRRESISTIBLE TORRENT OF COSMIC MAGNETIC WAVES TOWARD THE ALIEN CRAFT!

STEADILY, WITH EVER-INCREASING FORCE, THEY PULL AT THE HEAVY OBJECT -- WITHOUT LET-UP, WITHOUT EVER SLACKENING -- UNTIL --

WHOOOM!

IT WORKED! YOU FREED THIS SHIP, THOR!

WHY DO YOU SOUND SURPRISED? WAS THAT NOT MY INTENTION??

YOU KEPT YOUR WORD! NOW I CAN REPAIR MY SHIP IN MINUTES, AND DEPART FROM THIS WRETCHED PLANET!

NOW THAT IT'S FLOATING FREE, THE WATER MAKES IT ALMOST WEIGHTLESS!

LEAVE IT HERE! I'LL MAKE MY REPAIRS UNDER WATER, SAFE FROM ANY PRYING EYES!

SUIT YOURSELF, MISTER! AS LONG AS YOU HIT THE ROAD, WE DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT!

AND THAT'S THAT! I WONDER WHAT THE A.A. WOULD HAVE SAID IF THE ALIEN HAD CALLED THEM FOR EMERGENCY REPAIRS!??

Y'KNOW, GIANT-MAN, I LIKE YOUR STYLE! YOU AVENGERS MAKE A GREAT TEAM! IN FACT, I WAS WONDERING...

BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTENCE IS CUT SHORT BY A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION WHICH ROCKS THE LITTLE ISLE AT THAT SPLIT-SECOND!

NAMOR! AND A SQUAD OF UNDER-SEA WARRIORS!!!

YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE ACCURSED ENEMY, MY BRAVE FOLLOWERS! ATTACK! FIGHT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH YOUR PRINCE!

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IT HAD TO HAPPEN! — AND IT WILL — NEXT WEEK!

WITH THAT OUTSIZE CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, NAMOR EXPECTS NO MERCY — AND GIVES NONE!

BUT IT ALL ADDS UP TO A SENSATIONAL THRILLER YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

AND HERE'S A TIP — WE SINCERELY SUGGEST YOU SAVE THESE HISTORIC ISSUES OF SMASH! YOU WILL TREASURE THEM IN TIME TO COME!

YOU'VE SEEN HIM ON TELEVISION— NOW YOU CAN READ ABOUT HIM IN... EAGLE

It's JENNINGS teacher again!

NOT FORGETTING DARBISHIRE

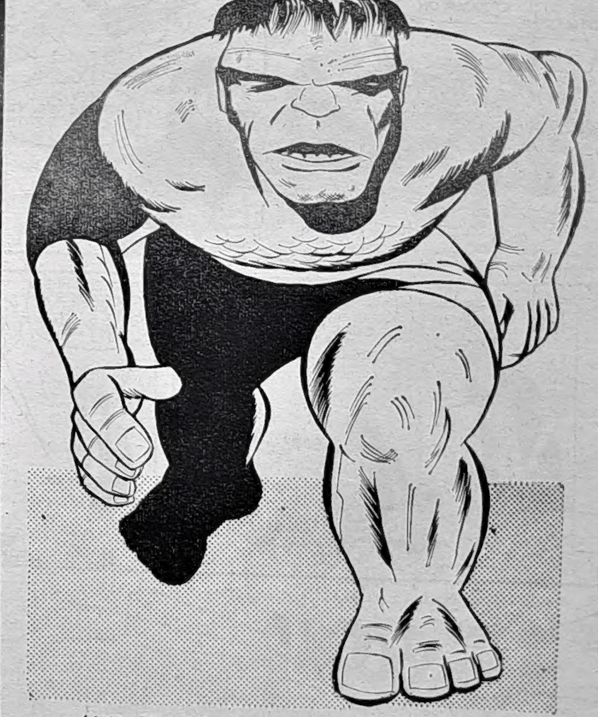
BY ANTHONY BUCKERIDGE

J. C. T. JENNINGS 'DARBI'

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE IN BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST BOYS' PAPER

IT'S ON SALE NOW! GET... EAGLE 7d.

HERE IT IS! A SPECIAL PIN-UP PIC OF THE LOVEABLE, IRRESISTIBLE HULK! COLOUR IT GREEN— PIN IT UP ON THE WALL...



...AND THEN YOU WON'T FORGET THAT HE'S STARRING IN A STORY THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD BEFORE. AND IT'S IN SMASH NEXT WEEK!

(DON'T THANK US — IT'S ALL PART OF THE SERVICE!)

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

I'VE GOT AN INVITATION HERE FOR A BUNCH OF BOYS TO GO TO A FREE AUTUMN CAMP!

OH, GOODY! HEALTHY OPEN-AIR PURSUITS AND SONGS ROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

YIPEE! CHOPPING DOWN TREES AND HUNTING BEARS!

...BUT ONLY HALF OF YOU CAN GO. NOW WHICH SHALL I CHOOSE?

YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND US SWOTS. THE BLOTS ARE ALL COVERED IN SPOTS.

YEAH— I JUST GAVE THEM INSTANT MEASLES.

RED INK

GLUB! YUCK!

NO, YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND **US**. THE SWOTS WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO CAMP ON **CRUTCHES**!

BUT THEY DON'T **USE** CRUTCHES...

THEY WILL BEFORE **WE'VE** FINISHED WITH 'EM

RIGHT, YOU 'ORRIBLE LOT! IT'S TIME TO UNVEIL MY NEW SECRET WEAPON!

GASP!

AA-OO!

PSSST!

ANTI-ROT ONION JUICE

OOOH!

WE'LL HAVE A RACE ROUND THE TOWN TOMORROW TO DECIDE WHICH LOT OF YOU GOES. STUDY THESE MAPS TONIGHT.

SOB! CRY! STAGGER!

THIS COURSE IS **MILES** LONG! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WE WON'T HAVE TO. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO... BZZ, BZZ...

OH, THE CHEEKY CHEATS!

NEXT MORNING...

I'LL FOLLOW TO SEE THERE'S NO CHEATING. READY, STEADY...

...GO! AWRRRK!

BOOM!

HA! HA! I PUT A THUNDERFLASH IN TEACHER'S STARTING PISTOL.

SNEAKY SWOTS. US **BLOTS** WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT...

...BUT WE'LL DO **THIS** INSTEAD!

W-WHAT HIT ME?

OODER! MY EARS ARE **SINGING**!

AAGH! AND MY TYRES ARE **BANGING**!

BANG

BANG!

HISSS!

TSK! IT'S NOT SAFE TO ALLOW THAT MANIAC ON THE ROADS.

SPLAT!

WHOOSH!

C'MON — LET'S GO PICK UP OUR TRANSPORT — WE DON'T WANT TO **STRAIN** OURSELVES!

WE'LL GET THERE FIRST ON OUR SKATES.

YEAH — WE'LL LEAVE THE SWOTS STANDING!

AWK!

THOSE ROTTEN SWOTS!

CHEATS! OUR LOVELY SKATES — RUINED!

THEY'LL **WIN**, IF WE DON'T, WATCH IT!

C'MON — PERHAPS WE CAN CATCH THEM UP.

SOME ALTERATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE SWOTS GARAGE

NO SIGN OF THE SWOTS YET.

I CAN'T GO ON — I'VE GOT A STITCH IN MY SIDE.

HEY — LET'S SEE IF WE CAN HITCH A LIFT!

SEW WHAT?

PUFF! PANT! GROAN!

THTOP BY THOSE HOWIBBLE BOYTH, JAMETH.

OH, NO — IT'S THE SWOTS!

YETH — MY PATER LOANED ME HITH CAR AND THAUFFEUR FOR THE DAY.

THTOP AT THE NEXT CAFE, JAMETH. WE DON'T WANT TO GET BACK **TOO** SOON!

YES — LET'S HAVE AN ICE CREAM. THIS RACING IS HOT WORK!

POSH SCREECH!

HOORAY, HE'S STOPPING!

SPLOSH!

YOU MUST BE HOT FROM ALL THAT RUNNING — HAVE A **DRINK**!

POSH BRRM!

GRRRR! ROTTEN SWOTS.

DROOOOL! ICE CREAM!

BAH — I GIVE UP.

WE'LL NEVER BEAT THEM NOW

SOB — NO CAMP!

AT THE END OF THE RACE...

POOR OLD TEACH. THOSE HORRID BLOTS DID THIS TO YOU. BUT **WE'LL** LOOK AFTER YOU!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? THE SWOTS HAVE BEEN BACK FOR HOURS.

GRRR!

STAGGER!

YOU SWOTS DESERVE TO WIN. ONLY BOYS WITH THE STAMINA YOU'VE SHOWN TODAY WILL ENJOY THE HEARTY OUTDOOR CAMPING AT MUDBATH-ON-THE-MARSH.

MUDBATH-ON-THE-MARSH! **OH, NO!** NOT THERE!

WE DON'T WANT TO GO! SEND THE BLOTS!

OH, NO — WE WOULDN'T **DREAM** OF TAKING YOUR PRIZE!

NEXT MORNING, THE CAMP LEADER ARRIVES...

TA, TA, SWOTS. HAVE A NICE TIME.

HUP, 2, 3, 4. PICK UP YOUR HEELS, YOU LAZY LOT.

GROAN!

BAH! WE SHOULD HAVE LET THE BLOTS WIN!

HERE'S A POSTCARD FOR YOU.

Dere Swots
Teech made us come on holydai wiv hym to push his weel-chare — P.T.O

the riviera is SMASHing! glad yor not here! — sined

OH, NO!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

GOOD OLD RON! HE'S BOUGHT US COWBOY OUTFITS! WHAT A PAL!
HUH! I'M STILL NOT BROKE, THOUGH! I'VE PLENTY OF MONEY LEFT!
COO! I KNOW! WE CAN'T HAVE COWBOYS WITHOUT HORSES!
RIGHT! I'LL BUY THREE HORSES!
£1000
IT'S A DEAL, RON!
OH, BOY! RIDE 'EM, COWBOY! YIPEE, BANG, BANG! YOU'RE A PAL, RON!
I'M BROKE! NOW I CAN COLLECT GRANNIE'S INHERITANCE MONEY!
HUH! LOOK AT THAT! ONE O'CLOCK, AND NO FOOD YET! I ALWAYS GET FED AT ONE O'CLOCK!
HELP! THE HORSE WON'T MOVE!
HE'S HUNGRY, AND I HAVE NO MONEY LEFT TO BUY HIM SOME HAY!
HELP! NO GRUB! AHA! BUT I KNOW HOW TO GET SOME!
HELP! WHERE ARE GOING? STOP! STOP!
STOP, YOU FOOL! WHOA! WHOA!
EPSOM PARK
HORSE RACING TODAY!
YOUNG BOUNDER!
WAAAOH! I'M OUT OF CONTROL!
COO! THERE'S A LATE STARTER! HE'S GIVEN THE REST A THIRTY-YARDS START! HE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!

I GIVE UP!
WE'RE OUTCLASSED!
HELP! HELP!
THE WINNER! AN EASY WINNER!
WELL DONE, SON! YOU'VE WON THE CHILLED TIN — HAM GOLD CUP AND TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!
£10,000!
OH, NO! I'M RICHER THAN WHEN I STARTED!
HEH, HEH! I HAD TO WIN! WE ALWAYS GET SUGAR LUMPS AFTER WE WIN — AND I WAS REALLY HUNGRY!
NAG FOR SALE 2P
I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU NEXT WEEK, EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT WORTH 2P...

IF YOU LIKE SUPER COMICS YOU MUST SEE THE...

FANTASTIC FOUR IN WHAM!

IT'S NOT THAT WE'VE *GOT* TO SAY THEY'RE GREAT— *THEY ARE!*

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, also the famous old Queen Victoria Stamp of Great Britain, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.

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Please tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:—

NAME .....

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JET STAMPS (Dept. NP), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
LOOK AT ALL THE MONEY THOSE IDIOTS ARE PAYING TO GO INTO THE CIRCUS! I COULD DO WITH SOME OF THAT!
WE'RE GOING INTO THE CIRCUS BUSINESS, FREAKS. NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...
AND SO...
THE TAKINGS MUST BE KEPT IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE. YOU PUT ON YOUR ACT AND I'LL BREAK INTO THE SAFE.
MANAGER'S OFFICE
HOW'S THAT FOR AN ACT? GRIMLY'S GARGOYLE'S, I CALL 'EM!
WHAT'S THAT THEY'RE JUGGLING?
KNOCKOUT GAS — AND IT WORKS, SEE? NOW TO GET AT HIS MONEY! HAR! HAR!
CRACK!
ZOOM!
THE SAFE IS LOCKED, IS IT? WE'LL SOON HAVE IT OPEN!
FIZZ!
CURSES! ALL THE ROTTER HAD IN THE SAFE WAS HIS LUNCH— AND I DON'T EVEN LIKE CHEESE SANDWICHES!
RAGE!
KICK!
WHERE'S THE MANAGER? I'VE JUST COME FROM THE BOX OFFICE WITH THE MO...
GLOP!
BONK!
SNATCH!
THE MONEY! GIMME! GIMME!
HAR! HAR! MY LUCK'S IN AT LAST! HE BROUGHT THE MONEY STRAIGHT TO ME!
?
HELP! ROBBERS! COME BACK!
HEY! COME BACK WITH THAT!
I'LL HIDE IN HERE!
AHA! SAFE AT LAST! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE!
AH! DINNER!
FRESH FOOD AT LAST!
DON'T WORRY, MISTER FEENDISH! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE!
ULP!
BOOM!
AT LAST THEY GET AWAY, BACK TO DOOMSDAY HOUSE!
GROAN— I'M ALWAYS GETTING BEATEN UP! BUT WITH ALL THIS LOOT I CAN TAKE A HOLIDAY. LET'S SEE HOW MUCH WE GOT
POOR OL' MISTER FEENDISH SURE WORKS HARD FOR HIS MONEY!
OH, NO! IT WASN'T MONEY AT ALL! IT'S MONKEY NUTS!

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E?

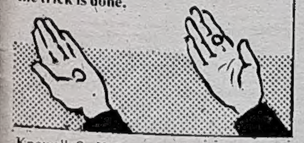
BUNGLE is searching frantically for a stolen formula in Dr Doom's house, when the evil doctor and his gang come in through the front door. Our agent dashes out the back—TO FIND HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A DOORLESS COURTYARD!

The walls are too high and smooth to climb, and the gang are almost upon him. But there is a slender chance of escape—can YOU see it? All the clues are in the picture, so have a try before you look at the answer below.

YOU can put your money on this trick raising some very puzzled eyebrows. In fact, put a shilling on it—SIXPENCE IN EACH HAND. But the coins must be placed exactly as my drawing shows—with your hands backs down on the table. Now, without raising your hands at all turn them over towards each other very swiftly. The coin in your right hand will fly under your left hand so fast that no one will see it happen.

Keeping your hands palms down on the table where they landed, ask your audience to say where the sixpences are. They are bound to say "one under each hand." Watch their faces when you lift your left hand and reveal NOTHING.

Do the trick again, but this time reverse the placing of the sixpences on your hands. This will, of course, leave your right hand empty when the trick is done.



Knowall S. Keller of Chillwell (Brrrr!), Notts, sends this very good trick. You balance a matchstick on the side of a threepenny bit, and place a glass tumbler over it. Now challenge your pals to knock the matchstick off the coin *without moving the glass or thumping the table*. When they've given up, you simply comb your hair a dozen or so times, then quickly run the comb along the outside of the glass. *Static electricity in the comb will pull the matchstick off!*

Ask your mates if they can make a penny stick to a door panel—and stay there. They can't, of course—but you can!

A few magic words mumbled over your coin before the trick will impress the others—but the real secret is to first prepare *your* penny by scoring the edge of one side with a knife. This is quite easy in the soft metal of the coin. And no-one will notice when you let them inspect your coin.

Press the face of your penny with the scored side to any smooth, painted surface and it will stick there.

Ask Mr Knowall . . .

Joan Simmons of Rochester, Kent, wants to know why we say "something is a Wash Out" when we mean it's a failure.

Well, Joan, the saying comes from naval days when signal messages from one ship to another were written down on slates. If a mistake was made, the sailor receiving the message would wash it out and start again. And this was officially called 'A Wash Out'.

DID YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

BUNGLE puts the chopping block against the wall. Then, by placing the plank of wood against it, he makes a springboard that enables him to grasp the top of the wall and scramble over it to safety.

Geoff Brabham rides a Moulton Mini — and so does his famous father!

When Jack Brabham isn't burning up the Grand Prix circuits of the world, he likes to keep in trim on his Moulton Mini-Automatic. He was so pleased with his Moulton that when his son Geoff started hankering after a new bike, it just had to be a Moulton like Dad's. Jack Brabham is impressed by the sound engineering principles of the Moulton bicycle; the low centre of gravity for greater control and manoeuvrability; the slim easier rolling tyres, made possible by Moulton's unique rubber suspension system—a system that works like car suspension, cushioning the bumps between frame and wheels. He's impressed, too, by the work-saving rigidity of the Moulton triangulated frame, its carrying capacity, and all the features that make Moulton the easiest-to-ride, most comfortable bicycle in the world. And not least, he knows young Geoff has a bike that will grow with him*—till he's nearly as big as Dad!

The new Moulton Mini only 19 gns.

* fits anyone from 4 ft 6 ins to 5 ft 7 ins

The Moulton Mini-Automatic, suitable for adults up to 5' 10", with automatic back pedal 2-speed gear change, progressive braking, dynamo lighting, rear bag, fork lock, prop stand and full de-luxe specification: £31.8.8.

See your Moulton Dealer now!

Moulton

THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED BICYCLE
South Boundary Road, Kirkby, Liverpool.
A product of the Fisholow Organisation

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS

...THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, LEGENDARY HOME OF THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS. BUT NOW THEY FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST THE MANY-HEADED HYDRA!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, ROLLO! EACH TIME WE CUT OFF ONE OF THIS THING'S HEADS, TWO MORE GROW IN ITS PLACE!

BUT WHILST THERE IS BLOOD IN OUR VEINS WE MUST FIGHT ON!

THE FEARSOME HYDRA GATHERS ITSELF FOR THE FINAL ONSLAUGHT. BUT THEN COMES A SUDDEN FLUTTER OF GIANT WINGS! AND...

WH-WHAT IS IT?

IT'S PEGASUS— THE FLYING HORSE!

IT'S COME TO AID US, DANNY! I'M SURE OF IT! CLIMB ON TO ITS BACK!

NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, THE GREAT WINGED HORSE RISES INTO THE AIR...

THE HYDRA CAN'T REACH US! WE'RE SAFE!

EVEN HIGHER PEGASUS SOARS INTO THE AIR....

WE MAY BE SAFE FROM THE HYDRA, DANNY! BUT IF WE FALL NOW...

WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS FLYING HORSE— OR WE'LL NEVER SEE EARTH AGAIN!

THEN... THROUGH A WREATH OF CLOUDS...

IT IS! IT'S LAND!

IT LOOKS LIKE—!

JUMP! THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

DOWN... DOWN THEY DROP... TO LAND UPON A STRANGE SOFT SUBSTANCE...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE CAN BE! AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS STUFF IS! BUT IT SAVED OUR BONES FROM BEING BROKEN!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE EDGE OF SOME SORT OF CLIFF. AND WE SHALL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN IT.

DO YOU KNOW! SOMEHOW I JUST GUESSED SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD BE IN STORE FOR US!

THE PERILOUS DESCENT BEGINS...

THIS IS NO ORDINARY CLIFF, ROLLO! IT ISN'T ROCK! IT ISN'T CHALK! WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING —SOMETHING UNATURAL ABOUT IT!

AT LAST THEY REACH WHAT APPEARS TO BE A GREAT LEDGE. AND NOW, AS ROLLO LOOKS UP AT THE SHEER CLIMB THEY HAVE COMPLETED, HIS EYES WIDEN IN DISBELIEF...

THAT WAS NO CLIFF WE CLIMBED DOWN! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? DO YOU SEE WHAT IT IS?

ABOVE THEM IS A FACE! A FACE OF ALMOST UNIMAGINABLE SIZE— BUT A FACE!

AND THE GREAT HAND OF ATLAS REACHES OUT— SEEKING THE IRRITATION HE FEELS UPON HIS SHOULDER! THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY THE FEET OF ROLLO AND DANNY!

DO YOU REALISE WHO THIS MUST BE? THIS IS ATLAS! AND THAT LAND WE FOUND AMID THE CLOUDS WAS HIS HAIR!

ROLLO IS RIGHT! THIS MAN OF TRULY MOUNTAINOUS PROPORTIONS IS INDEED THE LEGENDARY ATLAS— THE PATIENT GIANT WHO SUPPORTS THE SKIES WITH HIS MIGHTY ARMS.

BUT AS ATLAS MOVES THERE IS A TITANIC CLAP OF THUNDER—AND THE VERY SKY SPLITS ASUNDER!

FORGETFUL OF HIS TASK, ATLAS HAS MOVED! AND THE RESULT IS DEVASTATING! CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE—BUT NATURALLY!

THE NERVS

M'MM! I'M FEELING PECKISH! I'LL HAVE A MIDNIGHT SNACK!

M'MM! SMELLY CHEESE! JUST THE JOB!

FOUL SMELL

EVIL GAS

IN FATTY'S NOSE...

OH, NO! HE'S AT THAT CHEESE AGAIN! YOU'D BETTER WARN THE STOMACH NERVS!

NOSE DEPT. (NOSTRIL)

PONG STINK NIFF WONGGG

SINUS

SNIFF

ACTION STATIONS! ACTION STATIONS! BLUE CHEESE COMING DOWN!

SPEAKING TUBE TO STOMACH

STOMACH

LEMON FLAVOUR

GASTRIC JUICE (ORANGE FLAVOUR)

GAS MASKS

GAS MASKS ON AT THE DOUBLE! SMELLY CHEESE ATTACK COMING! HE'S AT IT AGAIN!

OH, NO! MORE WORK! THAT FAT TWERP KEEPS US AT IT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT! IT AIN'T FAIR!

THROAT TUBE

RIGHT, LADS! HERE IT COMES! GET IT INTO THE DIGESTER! THE QUICKER IT'S DONE THE SOONER WE GET BACK TO BED!

FOOD BIN

GRR! IF THAT FAT TWERP DIDN'T EAT SO MUCH FOR SUPPER I COULD HAVE BEEN IN BED HOURS AGO!

NIFF

DIGESTER

JAB!

STOMACH WALL

GRRR! TAKE THAT, GREEDY!

OOH! OOH! ME TUMMY!

HEH! HEH! THAT'LL TEACH HIM! I THINK I'LL DO IT AGAIN!

STOMACH WALL

STAB!

BUT IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

AAGH! HELP! WHO'S MAKING FATTY JUMP ABOUT?

BRAIN DEPARTMENT

THINK MACHINE

GRRR! IT'S LATE— AND I RECKON SOMEONE NEEDS PUTTING TO SLEEP!

AAGH! HELP! I WAS ONLY HAVING A BIT OF FUN! HELP! HELP!

STOMACH

CHEST DEPT.

WELL, I DIDN'T THINK IT FUNNY!

WE CAN'T GET TO SLEEP!

IT'S A BRAINSTORM! HELP! MUMMY!

CHEST DEPT.

CHEST

I'LL FIX HIM!

CHEST

HEE! HEE! THOSE CHESTNUTS WILL DO THE TRICK!

OI!

OH, NO! HE'S SO SKINNY HE'S CLIMBING OUT!

DREAM DEPT.

HEH! HEH! I'LL REALLY FIX HIM THIS TIME!

PLEASANT

DAY DREAMS

BAD DREAMS

OUT YOU COME, LADS!

AAGH! HELP! THE FIEND! HE'S LET OUT THE BAD DREAMS!

AA-OO-ER!

LOOK AT HIM HAVING A BAD DREAM! IT'S THAT CHEESE! I KEEP TELLING HIM NOT TO EAT CHEESE BEFORE HE GOES TO BED, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!

NEXT NIGHT...

YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY CHEESE TONIGHT! IT'LL JUST GIVE YOU NIGHTMARES! OFF YOU GO TO BED!

AW, MUM!

HO! HO! AN EARLY NIGHT TONIGHT— THANKS TO ME! NO MORE CHEESE SUPPERS!

HOME SWEET HOME

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

LAST WEEK, SHIPMATES, THIS WAS THE 6FT. CAPTAIN OF AN ITALIAN CARGO-SHIP LOADED WITH ZOO ANIMALS—UNTIL 16 STONES OF WELSH BLUBBER DESCENDED UPON HIM IN THE FORM OF DAI JONES!

EE-YULK! GASP!

SNARL-SNORT!

BUZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z

-DA'S-A TORN IT! (GASP!) GET-A MY SHIP AWAY WHILE SHE'S-A-STILL AFLOAT! SNARL! GNASH!

SI-SI, CAP'N P-PRONTO!

BAM-BAM!

AND SO AFTER A HECTIC HALF HOUR, THE STRAY ANIMALS ARE HERDED BACK ABOARD, AND DAI JONES IS REBOUNDED ON TO QUEENIE—

AN' NOW—BACK-A YOUR FLOATIN' MUSEUM PIECE OFF A MY SHIP!

GRAH-H!

SNARL!

BELLOW! GNASH! ROAR! REVERSE-A-DA ENGINE! GROWL!

DON'-A ARGUE!

ER—B-BUT, CAPTIN—!!

QUEEN

GET-A-DA PREHISTORIC STEAM-A-DRIVEN COAL SCUTTLE AWAY FROM MY SHIP!

S.S. FIGARO

A-HEM! VERY WELL, CAPTAIN—IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!

GURGLE!

PLOP!

BLUBBLE!

CHUFF-CHUG-CHUG PS-S-S-S-S

BUOY

FULL SPEED ASTERN IT IS, SIR!

ERK! NO! WAIT-A-DA-MINUTE! GASP!

-UGGLE-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

SPLUTTER!

TURN-A-BACK! AGH! REVERSE-A-DA ENGINE! PRONTO! GASP!

SPLOOSH! GURGLE!

COR!

GOODNESS ME! I THINK IT'S SINKING!

GO BACK INTO DA HOLE! GLUB! AGH! AWLK! 'ELP! ESS-A-O-ESS GURGLE! BLUB! GASP!

SPLOSH!

P'SH-H-H-H-H!

YAWN!

WHIR-R-R-R-R—

IT IS SINKING, LOOK YOU!

MAYDAY! MAN-A-DA PUMPS! MAMMA-MIA! COUGH-COUGH! HIC-SPLUTTER!

A-A-ARGLE

BLOW!!!

HISS-S-S-S-

GUGGLE

ISN'T THIS EXCITIN', MAN? I'VE NEVER SEEN A REAL SHIP SINK BEFORE!

BOOM!

AGH! START-A SWIMMIN'! -GLOYLP!

S.S. FIGARO

IT'S SUNK!

A-HEM! IF THERE'S AN INQUIRY INTO THIS, YOU TWO WILL PROVE THAT I TRIED TO WARN THE ITALIAN THAT MY SHIP WAS ACTING AS A PLUG IN HIS—

HOI!

TAP-TAP!

—AND YOU WILL CONFIRM THAT HE ORDERED ME TO TAKE IT OUT—RIGHT?

HEY! YOU!

TAP-TAP!

—WHAT ABOUT MY CORACLE?

C-C-CORACLE, DID YOU SAY?

S'RIGHT, BOY-O! THANKS TO YOU, IT'S SUNK! SO BEFORE I DO ANY VOUCHIN', PAL, YOU ARE GOIN' DOWN THERE TO BRING IT UP!

!

SLURP!

SLOLLUP!

GNASH!

SPLUP!

HEH! HEH! Y-YOU'RE KIDDIN' AIN'T-CHA? GULP! Y-YOU'VE GOT A DRY SENSE OF 'UMOUR! HA! HA! HA! GULP! THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? I HOPE!

60 WOBBLES PER SECOND

IS DAI JONES JOKING—OR IS ENOCH IN FOR A SOAKING?

NEXT WEEK: A LAFF—OR A BAFF?